

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Late Night"

(feat. DJ Quik, Outlawz)

[DJ Quik:]

Hey 'Pac, it's yo' boy

Hey man so far I've been listenin' to your album

And I ain't heard nuttin you could kick back and smoke a beanie to  
You know?

Yeah like that

Some of that mellow shit

Some of that shit that make bitches drink

Make niggas think

And help you check a fat-ass bank, hahah

So why don't you kick some of that shit, nigga only you know how  
Hahahah, feel me?

[2Pac:]

I'm barely standin', and plus my secondhand say it's midnight

Some Alize and Cristal guaranteed to get right

Like misdemeanors is a small thang

With DJ Quik in this bitch, I let my balls hang

Runnin' through the street lights, cause we like

Yo' nigga get your mob on show 'em what a G like

Around the corner it's like Vegas, or better yet like Reno

Niggas poppin', welcome to our casino, cause you and me know

Hundred percent like a c-note

Lookin' for a bitch that's half-black and Filipino

And when I meet her I'ma offer her some indo

Tongue-kissin' on the window of a pearl white limo

Don't wanna be your man, I'm your nigga

Touch me here, I'll get bigger

While I'm diggin' I'll get deep into your liver

I'm game type

Love fuckin' bitches in the same night

My words are aphrodisiacs if you say 'em right

The club be poppin' so I'm stoppin' at the Fat Burger

Look through the paper it's another black crack murder

The city's full of surprises, you can live or you can die

You can fuck on the first night, or try

In the late night

[Samples (2Pac):]

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

*[Hussein Fatal:]*

Around my way we lamp, many styles get cramped  
I clock rocks in the rain 'til my socks is damp  
Ain't nuttin like bein' a thug when I can just  
Sit on the Row of Death straight knowin' that I'm blessed  
Hussein Fatal, flawless fatality  
Overdosin' on crime, three steps from reality  
Get up to get down, represent your town, last night  
Was poppin' like like cocked Glocks with hollow-tip rounds

*[Kadafi:]*

From booty-calls to bail sheets  
It ain't no tellin' if I wake up in the county in my jail sheets  
My intuitions and ambitions up in the late night  
Probably involves me comin' up with just to see another day  
Might  
Be me who bites the bullet  
In these streets where a man journey  
With crooked cops and a society who tryin' to burn me  
I'm like a pit in a cage, spittin' my shells in a gauge  
Deadly as AIDS, niggas gettin' crossed like a maze  
Now picture me livin' my life like a king, maybe one day  
Until then I'm livin' Monday through Sunday  
Bringin' the gun play for all these beefs and battles  
When we collide, I'ma ride on that hide like cattle, cowards best to skedaddle  
In the late night

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

*[2Pac:]*

Money and multiple gunshots are shown, large amps are blown  
Niggas in low-lows, pursuin' mo' hoes, then go home  
The life of a California star, and when you see me  
In the drop-top Jag', how many niggas wanna be me?  
Game is automatic, mandatory I sell  
To Live or Die, I survive, but with a story to tell  
Cause when you gettin' some riches, watch for dumb bitches  
They have you labeled a rapist before you get to tongue-kissin'  
It's a mean world nigga you strapped, must be a throwaway  
Will I survive the late night, to see dawn of day?  
Nobody knows me, I'm a shadow  
My army fatigues made for battle, pockets full of ammo  
Cause when I'm out in the streets, I'm on point, where the static?  
Too many done died from semis, so now we automatic  
I disappear whenever heated, ride whenever needed  
For my niggas up in Clinton gettin' weeded  
Continue to roll until I'm old, ride until I die  
Supply long as you motherfuckers buy  
My homies rolled by in a bucket, but they ain't short and duckin'

Slappin' niggas known for tellin' bitches fuck-it  
In the late night

*[Samples (2Pac):]*

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(It's in the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

(In the late night!)

"Last night.. last night changed it all"

(Holla at me in the late night!)

"Last night.."

"I don't give a fuck, where you gon' be. Be home by eleven!"

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